

Make this place Home by GalekhXigisi

Series: [The Unholy Holy Trinity Collection](#) [9]

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti)

Genre: Ableism, Deaf Richie Tozier, F/M, Good Parent Wentworth Tozier, Hard of Hearing Richie Tozier, Supportive Wentworth Tozier, Trans Richie Tozier

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Maggie Tozier, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Maggie Tozier/Wentworth Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-28

Updated: 2019-11-28

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:57:51

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,617

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie moves to Derry and starts living life, slowly meeting the losers club and becoming their friends.

Summary may change

Make this place Home

Maggie sighs as she drops the final box inside the home. She huffs one last time, softly commenting, “Listen, Chee, this is the last move, I swear.”

The nine-year-old nods at his mother, watching as his stepfather comes into the room, smiling widely. He’s so much taller than the two there, though Richie was already almost taller than his mother as was. She was short, very short, only five foot two, the shortest of her family. The tallest was his grandmother, who was six foot seven. He liked her, though he had only seen her once when he visited his mom’s side of the family four years ago, His older brothers had stayed with his aunt and Richie hadn’t seen them since.

“I’m really sorry,” she apologizes, running a hand through his hair, “But this town is supposed to be good, really! My sisters and I grew up here!”

Wentworth smiles and nods at the neutral boy who was still swinging his feet from atop one of the many tall boxes. Realistically, he shouldn’t have been able to get up on it, but Richie had taken a running start and somehow ended up there. He wasn’t sure how he was getting down, but he knew he would get down one way or another. It comes in the form of Wentworth putting his hands beneath Richie’s armpits and putting him on the floor. “Come on, bud, let’s get dinner started, okay? We can just have spaghetti tonight.”

“Or,” Maggie prompts, “we could just order in?” She smiles, phone in her hand as she peers at the two. “We just moved in, it should be fine to splurge one night, right?”

Richie shrugs while his stepfather laughs. This move wasn't for Richie, after all. It was for Maggie, who was tired of getting questioned about her son and his million different problems. With him finally able to "*talk normal*," as his mother had said, they could restart. His name was changed, though it was more extended with Richie added at the beginning and Tozier at the end. He had hearing aids now, ones that were still overwhelming sometimes but he used anyway because his mother got angry if he didn't. She would become too nice if Wentworth was around when he turned them off, but she was cruel when he wasn't, so Richie just learned to power his way through it.

"I guess we *can*," Went muses with a lovesick smile.

-

Richie finds himself alone most nights after they move into Derry. It wasn't ever exactly uncommon for Richie to be alone in the first place, sure, Richie's dads, both of them, traveled for work. Sometimes, he'd go with them, but after this move, Maggie as sure to tell him she wouldn't be doing his school things anymore. He would be going to a public school with other children and whatever else came with it. He wasn't too excited, but Maggie had said it would be good for him, that it would get him more social skills considering that the first almost ten years of his life had been spent with him only around family. He doesn't know how it'll be, but he hopes he'll make some friends there like he always saw the people in movies do.

His mother isn't there when he goes to school for the first day, unfortunately. Wentworth is, though. He walks to school with Richie's hand held in his own. They live rather far from the

elementary, but Richie liked walking and Wentworth wasn't too opposed. They took morning walks around the town all the time, so Richie was practically leading Went there. He ignored the "butterflies in his stomach," as Wentworth said the phrase went. Richie didn't understand the idiom. Why would he swallow butterflies, to begin with? That was a weird one, in his opinion. It was about as morbid as he found the phrase *raining cats and dogs*. That one had caused a lot of panic on his part after Wentworth had said it when Richie first officially moved in with the man at eight years old. They didn't use it anymore.

"So, Rich," Went says with a smile, "plan on making any friends?"

Richie shrugs and mirrors his step father's smile, walking backyards. "Maybe!"

The man laughs as they stop in front of the school. They had already been to the open house stuff, so Richie knew where his classroom was and what to do. He wasn't at a loss when he walked inside.

He did run straight into two boys, though, colliding with them the instant he got through the doors. The three fell to the ground, Richie landing with a rough *oof* and already spitting out apologies.

The other two didn't seem too much affected, already picking themselves up, too. One was taller than Richie, his blonde hair sitting in ringlets around his head while the other was shorter with brown hair. Those were the first things Richie noticed about them as the blonde said, "S'okay." The brunette looked like he wanted to say something, but the blonde stopped him without a second thought. "I'm Stan."

Richie hesitates to chime in, “Richie!”

“I’m Eddie,” the brunette says. For some reason, the three seem to get along, walking together without any hindrance. “His full name is *Stanley*.”

“Mine’s Richard,” Richie says with a smile, proud of himself. He’d never said that before, never been able to say it truthfully before, either. It was refreshing in a way he couldn’t pin.

The three walk together until they get to their classes, to which they part because Eddie and Stan are in the class above him, both older by a year, Richie finds himself splitting to the left hall while they take the right. The agreement to meet there at the end of the day is short but Richie likes it. He really does like it.

-

Richie smiles as he walks down the street. Eddie and Stanley lived a few streets over by a boy named Bill, who Richie didn’t talk to for very long but he thought he was cool enough. He couldn’t find a problem with the boy and they had talked long enough for Richie to say that he liked the boy’s presence.

He had turned his hearing aids off after leaving, not too happy with the noises that came with it. It was overwhelming to hear the cars go by and too-sharp bird tweets and whatnot. He found that was a mistake when he was pushed forward, falling on the ground so

roughly that his glasses fell off, hands and knees both getting skinned in the process. Within two quick swipes, his hearing aids are back on and his glasses sit perched across the bridge of his nose, an apology ready to be said for getting in the way until he hears what's getting said.

"I'm fuckin' *talking to you*," comes a sneer that makes Richie turn towards the voice, confused.

"Sorry, I wasn't-"

There are four boys standing around him, taller than he is and grinning in a way that makes Richie actually feel sick. Before he can say anything else, the one with a mullet leans down, ripping the hearing aid out of his ear violently. It hurts a lot and he wants to cry, feeling the skin getting torn by the quick motion.

"Fuck is this?"

One of the other two says, "It's a hearing aid, dumbass." The other two snort, but it doesn't seem very ill-mannered, Richie doesn't think.

"Fuckin' deaf kid in *my* town," he asks, though Richie can only partially hear him. His hand cups his ear, feeling the blood dribble between his fingers. He looks like he wants to say something, but there comes the honk of a car horn and a yell. The boy tosses the hearing aid back and walks away, leaving Richie on the ground with his teeth grit.

-

“Richie,” Wentworth calls from the kitchen, “I’m cooking tonight, Maggie’s still at work.”

Richie shuts the front door, practically slams it.

“Bad first day,” he hears.

Richie doesn’t respond, just trudging into the kitchen with a neutral look. He hadn’t ever dealt his this situation, never having anything like this happen before. Sure, there were attempts to take his hearing aids that constantly happened, but this was something entirely else. He was still bleeding in multiple places and his mind was confused. He didn’t understand why someone would be mean about *this*. Richie couldn’t change it. Then again, his mom and biological father were never nice about it, either, so he just sits at the kitchen table, hearing aid getting placed in front of him by bloodied hands.

“*Christ, Rich,*” he hears the other say. Immediately moving to inspect the boy sitting at the table. He looks him up and down with worry written all across his features. “What happened, *mwana,*” he gets asked by a caring voice.

Richie just shrugs. “Boys are mean,” is all he says as his stepfather patches him up. Wentworth doesn’t pry. He knows Richie will open up on his own time. He always had, always would.

-

It isn't until dinner when Richie had both hearing aids in that he comments, "A boy pushed me when I was walking home."

Wentworth hums, not making another noise as he waits for Richie to continue.

"It was him and three other boys. I don't know their names. I had my hearing aids off. I guess they thought I was ignoring them because the one that pushed me said he was talking to me." He stirs the spaghetti he had been toying with all of dinner, not ready to eat yet, honestly. 'It was weird...'

Author's Note:

Title from Frozen II deleted songs (Home) and This Is Home by Cavetown.

Also, we really need some deaf Richie content, y'all are PANSIES

here's my discord server!
<https://discord.gg/eGkwayy>